

BOBBY BENSON'S

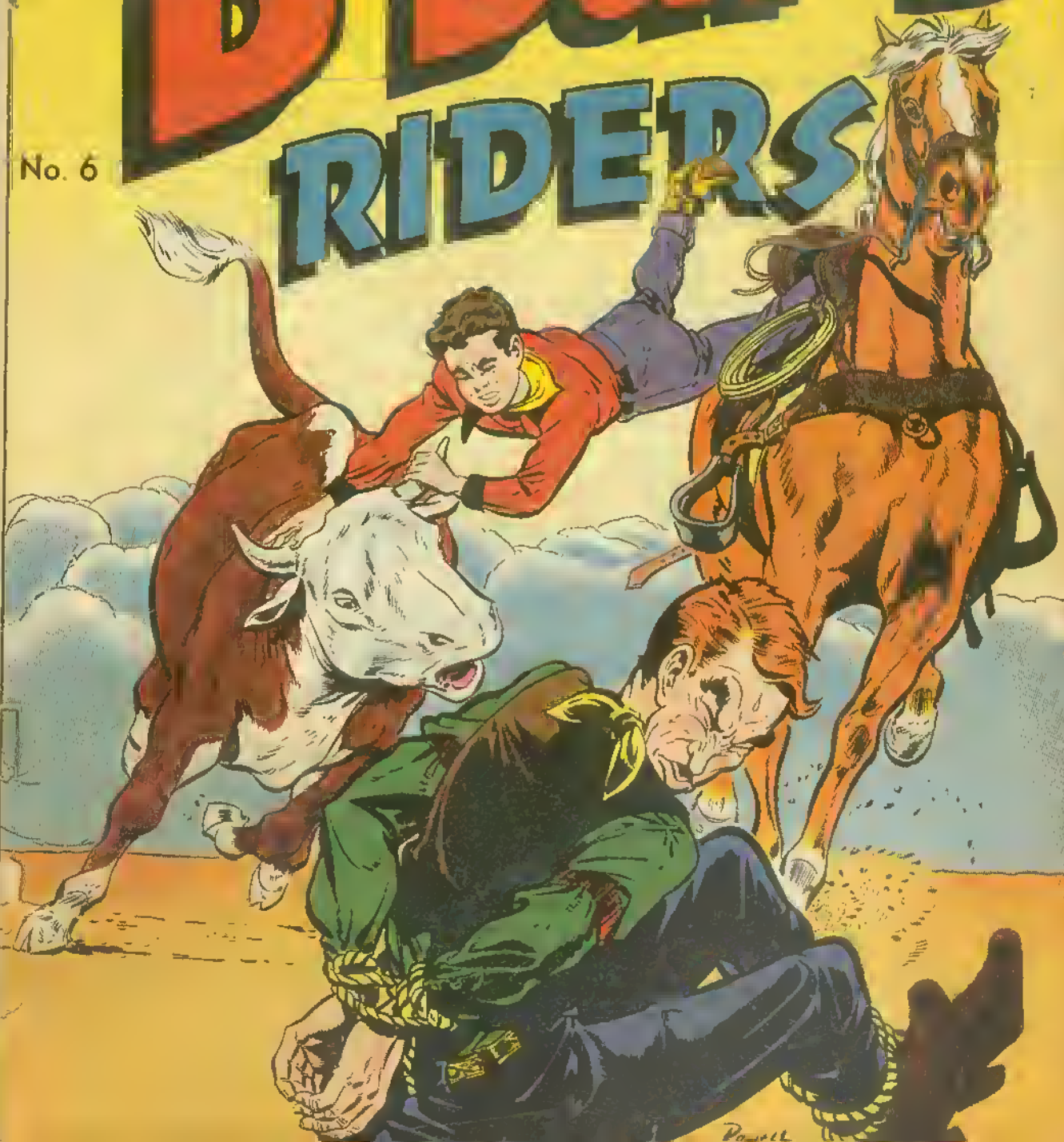
10¢

and

No. 6

B-Bar-B

RIDERS



[illegible]

BOBBY BENSON'S B-Bar-B Riders

Showing here



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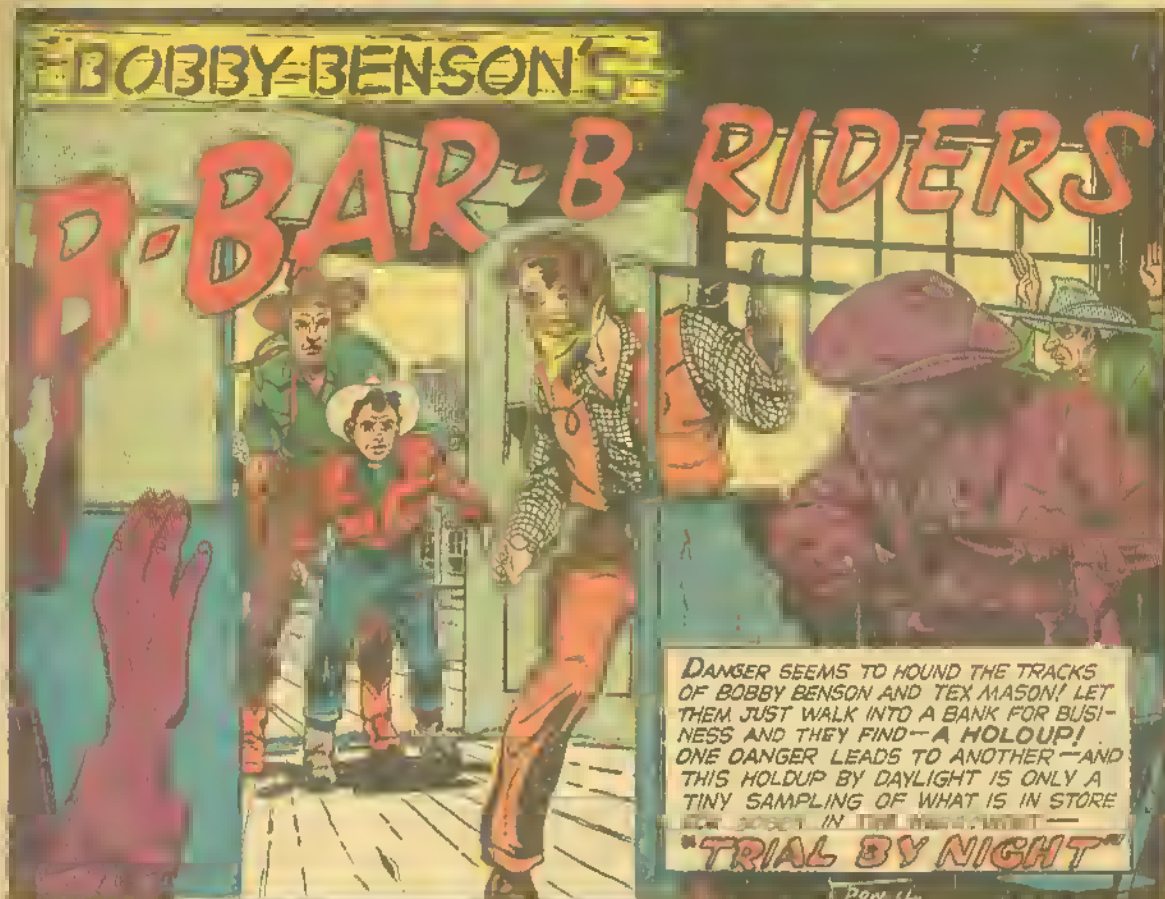
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BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

TWO WEEKS LATER, BOBBY AND WINDY ARE RIDING THE BIG BUS BACK FROM THE CITY...

YUH SHORE MEET THUH NICEST PEOPLE ON BUSES!

YOU'RE RIGHT, GALLANT, MR. WALES —BUT I MUST SAY WE'VE ENJOYED YOUR COMPANY TOO. I'M GOING TO TELL OUR DAUGHTER IN CALIFORNIA ALL ABOUT YOU AND BOBBY!

BUT FIRST WE'RE STOPPING A FEW DAYS IN CACTUS CITY TO SEE OUR SON. HE'S GOT A FINE JOB ON A RANCH. HERE'S HIS PICTURE—WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE HE RAN AWAY FROM HOME A FEW YEARS AGO...

WHY, I'LL BE—! WHY, IT'S—IT'S—

IS ANYTHING WRONG?

NOT AT ALL, MR. SAMSON. ER—UH—WINDY JUST GETS FITS OF HICCUPPING ONCE IN A WHILE AND YOU HAVE TO HOLD YOUR HAND OVER HIS MOUTH TO STOP IT!

GLUBB!

BOBBY AND WINDY ARE LET OUT NEAR THE B-BAR-B RANCH...

GOSH, I ALMOST LET IT OUT! THEIR SON IS LEFTY SAMSON, THE OWLHOOT YOU AND TEX CAPTURED IN THEY BANK ROBBERY!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, WINDY? THOSE POOR OLD PEOPLE WILL BE BROKEN-HEARTED WHEN THEY FIND OUT!

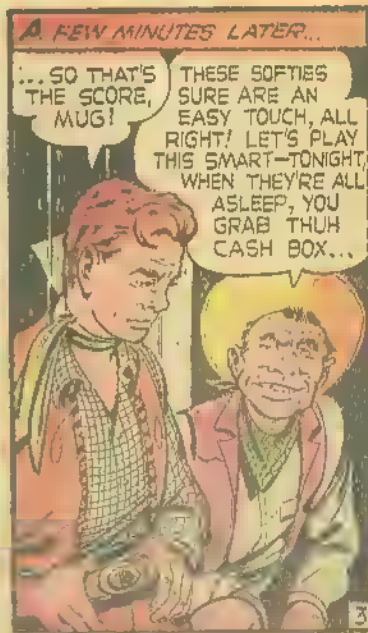
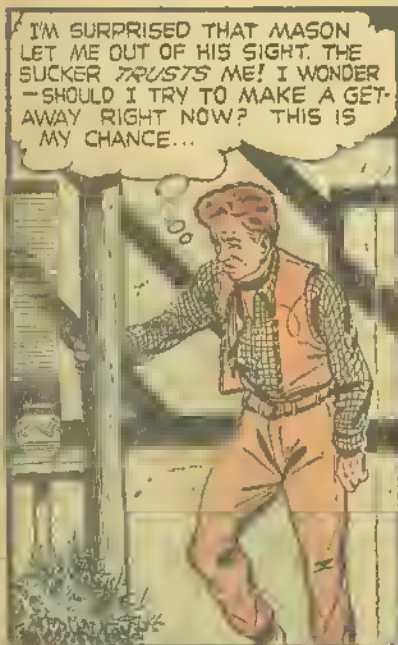
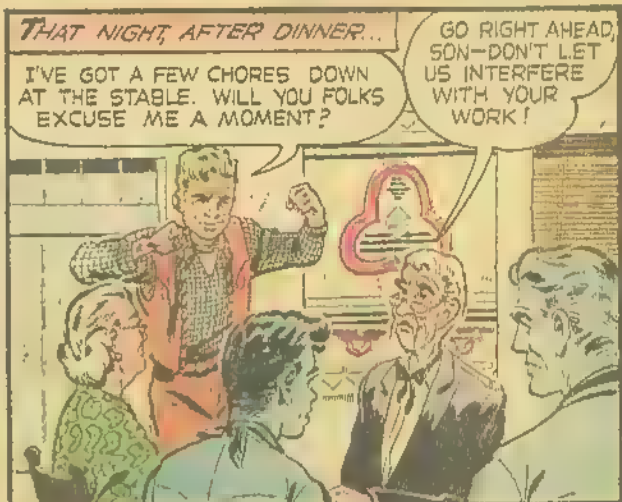
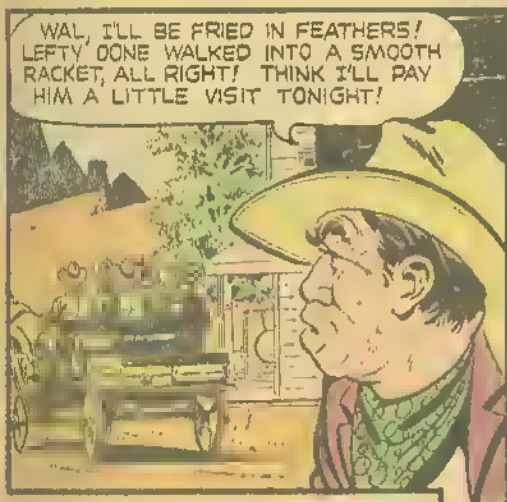
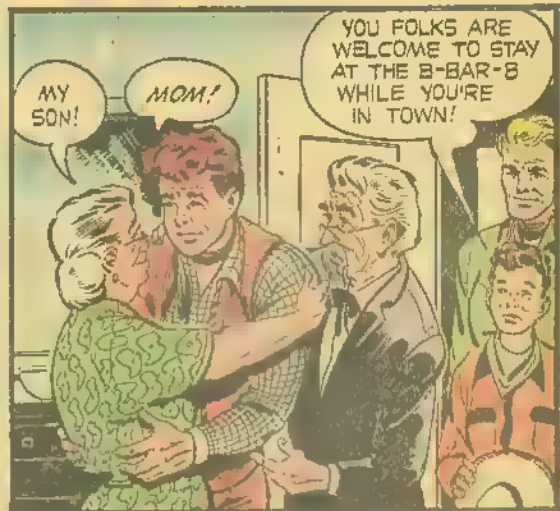
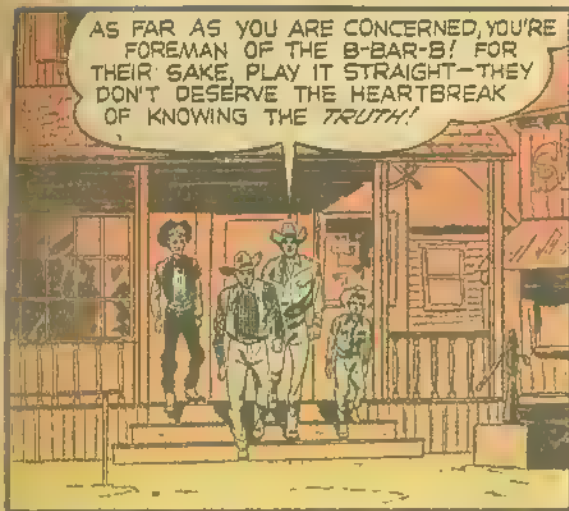
WE'VE JUST GOT TO DO *SOMETHING*! WE CAN'T LET THOSE OLD FOLKS SUFFER BECAUSE THEIR SON GOT IN WRONG. TEX WILL HELP US!

LATER—THE COUNTY JAIL...

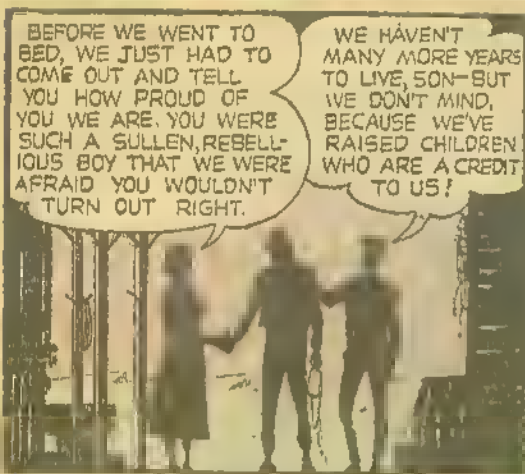
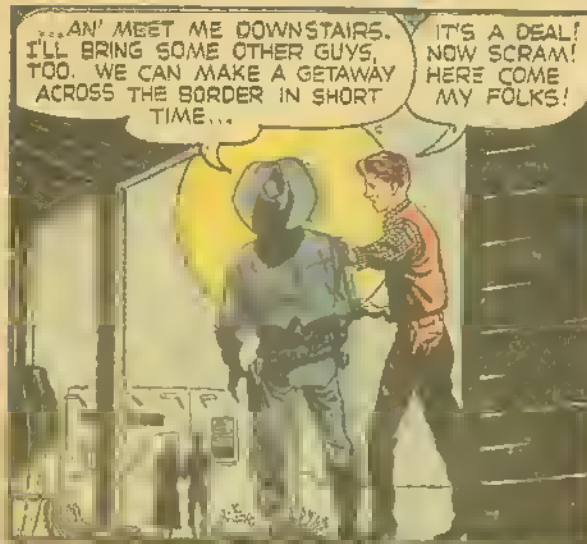
IT'S MIGHTY IRREGULAR, TEX, AN' I SHORE WOULDN'T DO IT FER ANYBODY ELSE BUT YOU. HYAR HE IS—ALL YOUR'N!

I TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR HIM, SHERIFF!

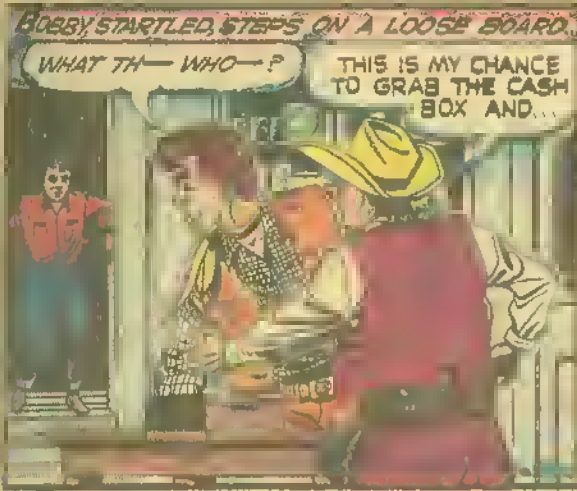
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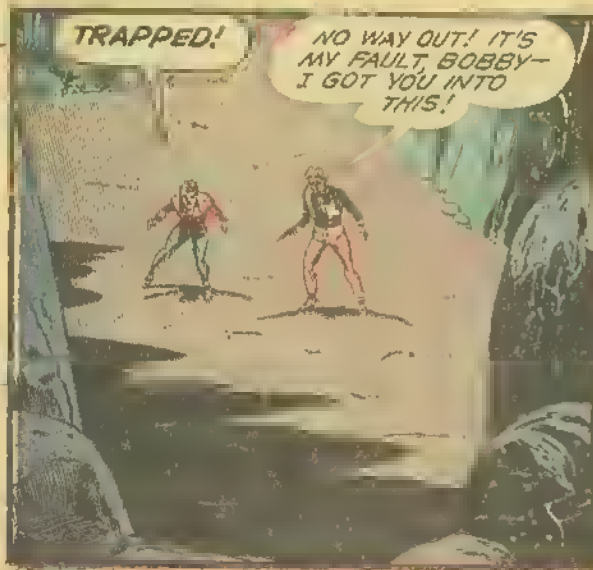
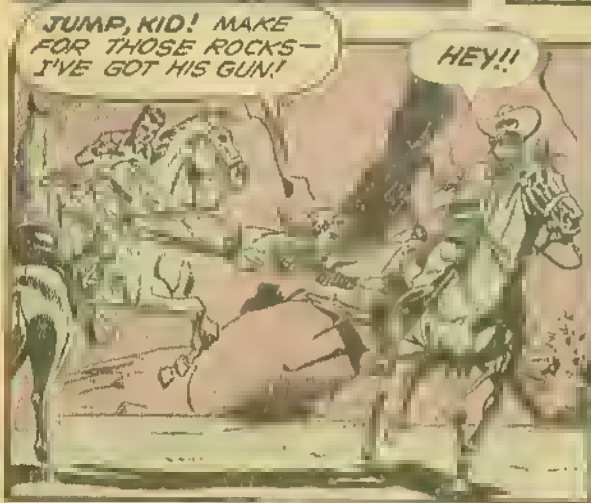
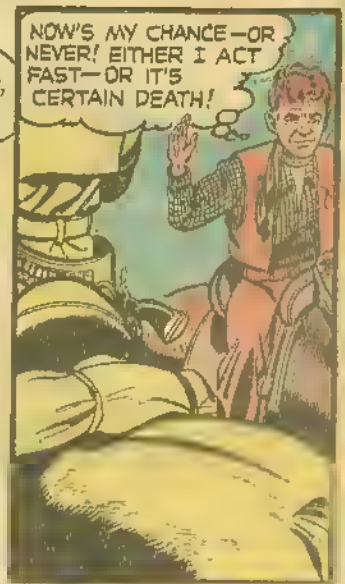
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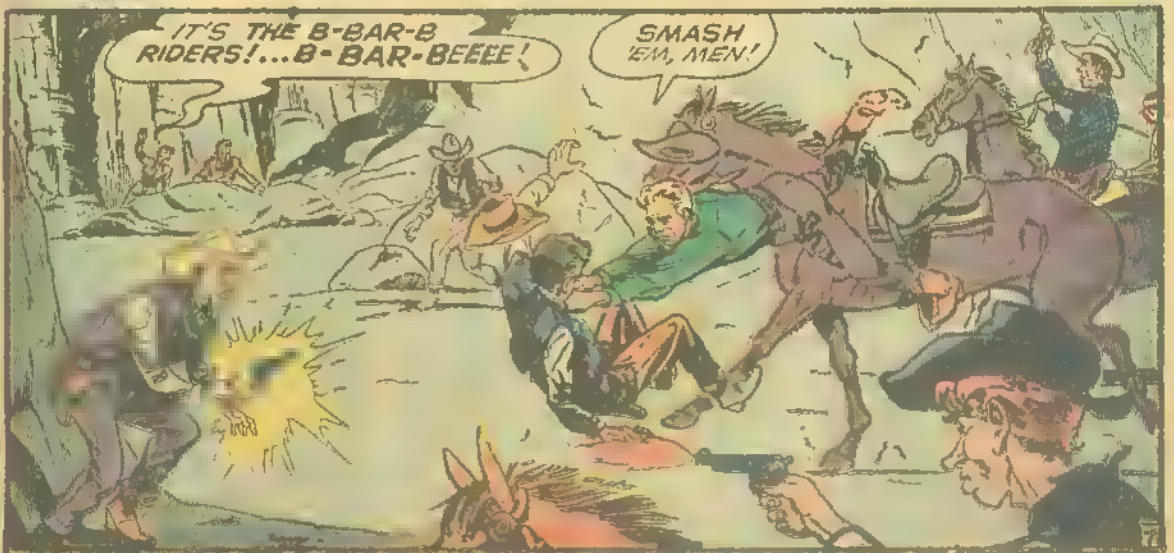
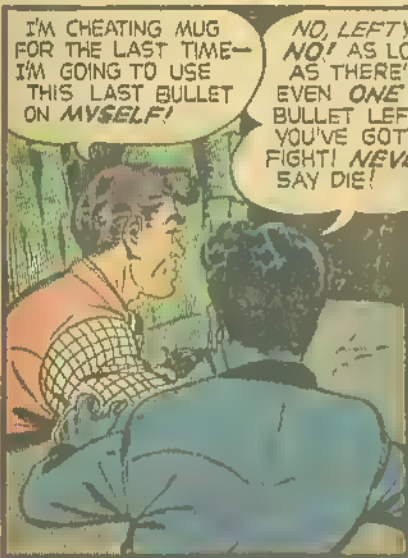
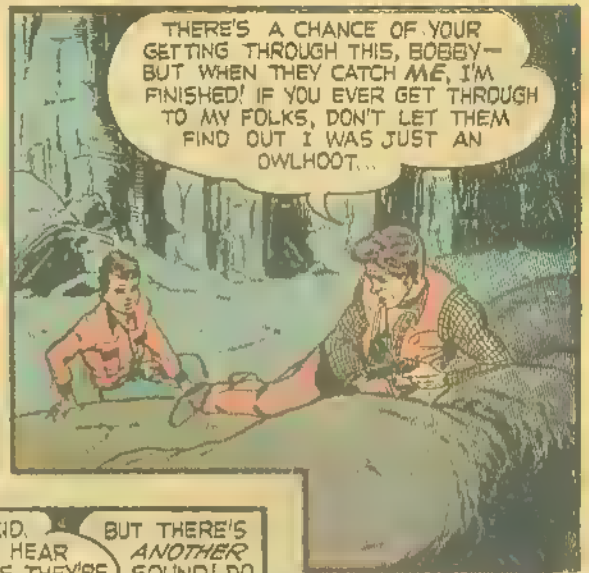
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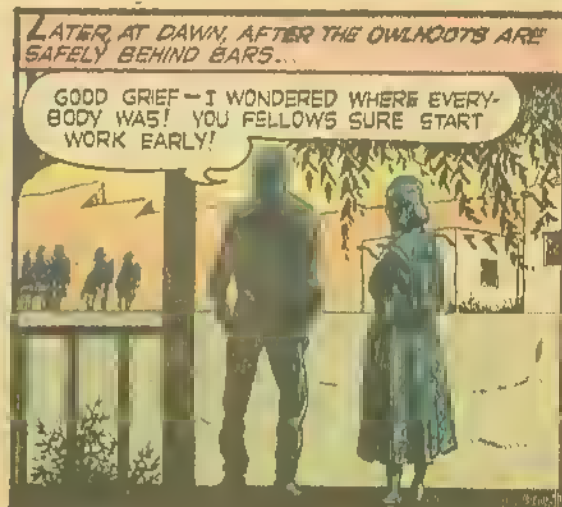
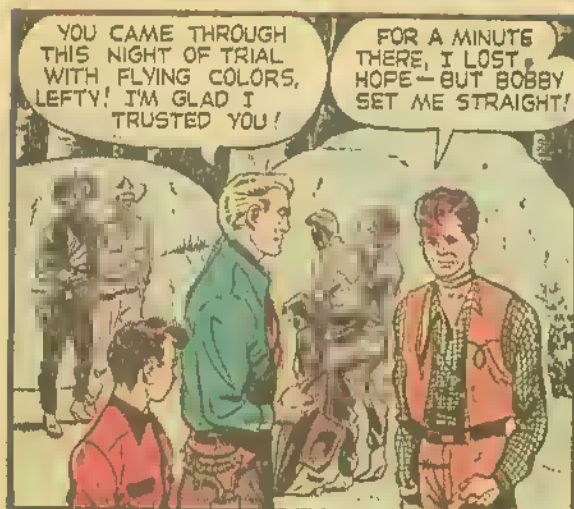
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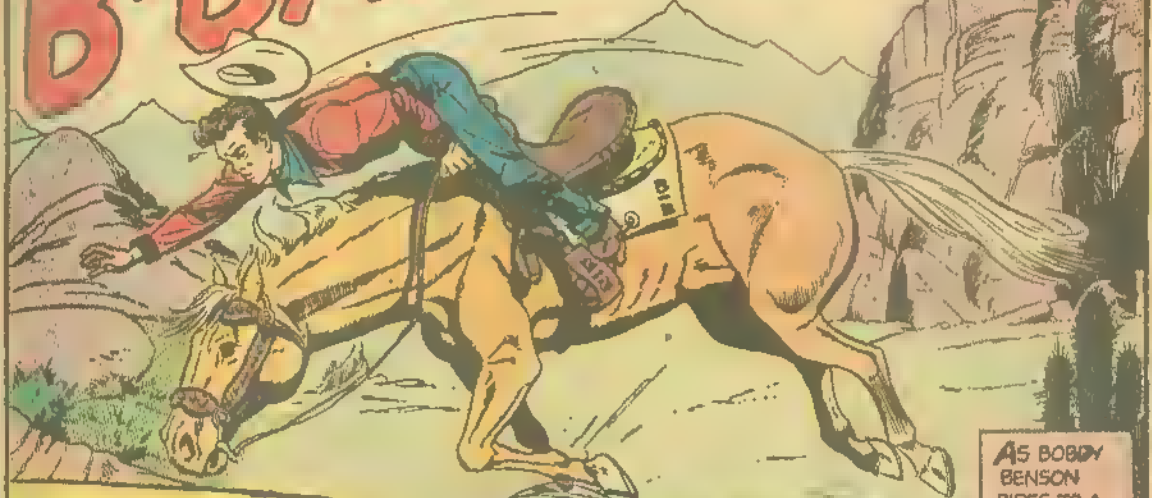
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



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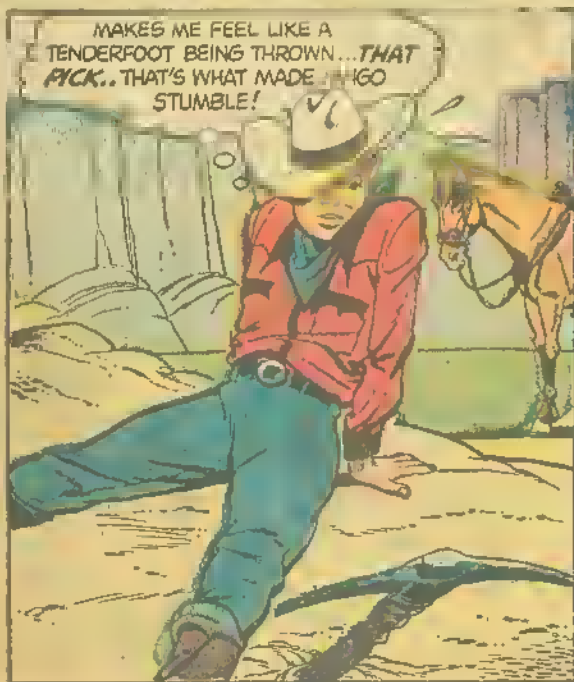


AS BOBBY BENSON RIDES TO A FAR CORNER OF THE B-BAR-B CATTLE SPREAD, AMIGO SUDDENLY LOSES HIS FOOTING...

STRANGE MARKINGS ON OLD TREES... A KNIFE-BORNE NOTE... GUNFIRE FROM UNSEEN ASSAILANTS... ALL PIECES IN THE JIGSAW PUZZLE OF DANGER THAT BOBBY BENSON HAS TO PUT TOGETHER WHEN HE TRIES TO SOLVE...

"THE MYSTERY OF JUAN GARCIA'S PICK!"

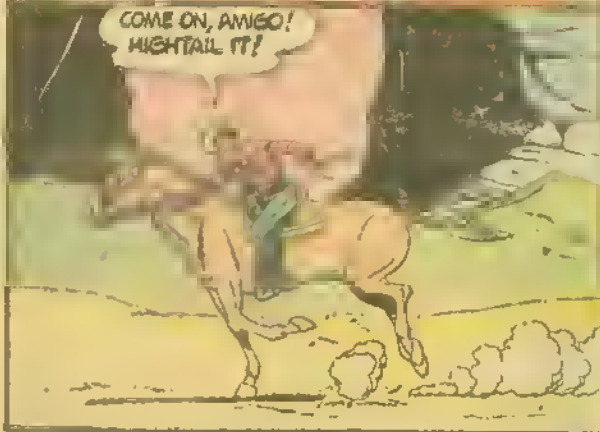
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BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

5 BULLETS FROM AN UNSEEN GUNMAN KICK UP DUST AROUND HIM, BOBBY GRABS THE STRANGE PICK AND SWINGS ONTO 'AMIGO...

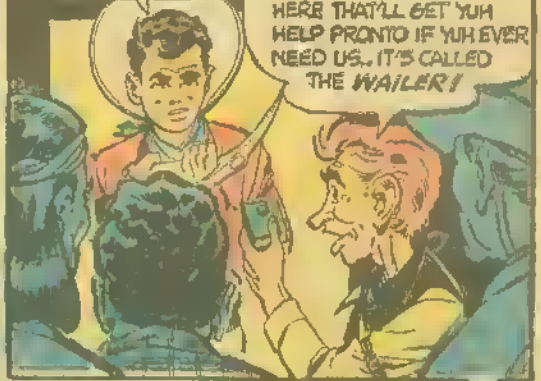
COME ON, AMIGO!
HIGHTAIL IT!



BACK AT THE B-BAR-B...

AND AS SOON AS I TOUCHED THIS PICK THE SHOTS RANG OUT!

LITTLE BOSS, I DON'T KNOW WHO'D WANT YUH TAKE SHOTS AT YUH BUT I'VE GOT A CLEVER LITTLE CONTRAPSHUN HERE THAT'LL GET YUH HELP PRONTO IF YUH EVER NEED US... IT'S CALLED THE WAILER!



YUH CAN CARRY IT IN YORE POCKET AND IF YUH NEED HELP JEST PUSH DOWN ON THIS HERE BUTTON AN'...

SHUT IT OFF, WINDY! IT'S EVEN WORSE THAN LISTENING TO YOU!



THANKS, WINDY, I'LL HANG ON TO IT, TEX, DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A JUAN GARCIA?

JUAN GARCIA.. THAT'S A SPANISH NAME, FUNNY, IT IS FAMILIAR BUT I JUST CAN'T PLACE IT. WHY'D YOU ASK, BOBBY?



THAT'S THE NAME CARVED ON THIS PICK HANDLE.

FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, SENOR JUAN GARCIA HAS BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME. I RECKON HE WON'T CAUSE YOU ANY TROUBLE FOR TAKING HIS PICK...



BUT, LATER THAT AFTERNOON...

I LOVE TO WATCH WINDY SHAVE.. I KEEP HOPING SOMEDAY HE'LL SLIP WHILE HE'S DOING HIS NECK.

IF I CUT MYSELF YOU'LL SEE BLUE BLOOD...

THUMP!



W-WHAT WAS THAT?

THE CLOSEST SHAVE YOU EVER HAD! LOOK, THERE'S A NOTE ATTACHED TO THIS KNIFE!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

THE OTHERS QUICKLY GATHER AROUND AND TEX READS THE NOTE...

"GO ALONE AND REPLACE THE PICK EXACTLY WHERE YOU FOUND IT...OR THE NEXT KNIFE WILL FIND A SOFTER TARGET!..." COME ON, GANG, WE'RE ALL RIDING OUT TO WHERE BOBBY FOUND THAT PICK!

NO, TEX, THE NOTE SAYS I'M TO GO ALONE!



RIDING BACK WITH THE PICK, BOBBY CAREFULLY REPLACES IT. THEN...

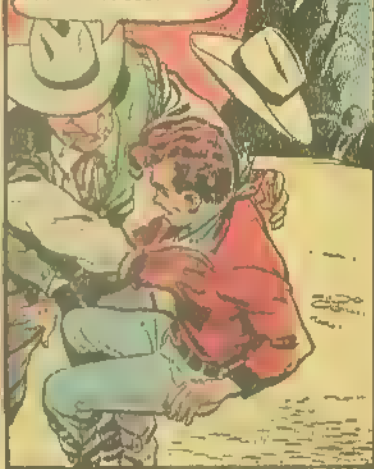
YOU SURE THAT'S ABSOLUTELY WHERE YA FOUND IT, SONNY?.. NO MISTAKE?

W-WHO ARE YOU? THIS IS MY RANCH... YOU'RE TRESPASSING.



DON'T GET LEGAL-MINDED WITH ME, KID, OR YA WON'T STAY HEALTHY! IS THIS WHERE YA FOUND THE PICK? ANSWER PRONTO!

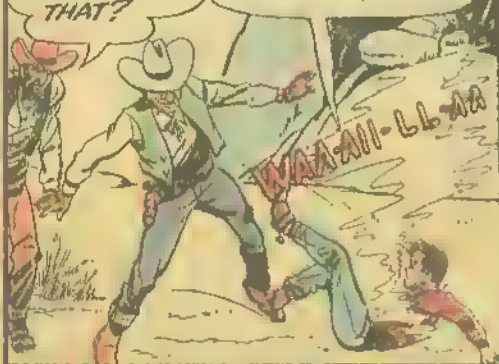
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!



AS BOBBY FALLS, THE WAILER IN HIS BACK POCKET HITS THE GROUND...

WHAT IN TARNATION IS THAT?

YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH, MISTER!



RACING ACROSS THE PLAINS TO ANSWER THEIR BOSS' CALL THE B-BAR-B RIDERS GALLOP TOWARDS THE THREE INTRUDERS...

SOMEONE'S COMIN'! LEAVE THE KID AND HIGH-TAIL IT!

WE'LL BE BACK...AND THAT PICK BETTER BE THERE!



BOBBY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, TEX. BUT THREE TOUGH HOMBRES STARTED SHOWING ME AROUND. THEY WANTED TO KNOW IF I HAD REPLACED THE PICK EXACTLY WHERE I HAD FOUND IT.



LOOK, HARKA FINDS COMPASS ON GROUND. ONE OF THE MEN DROP.

A COMPASS? WHY'D ANYONE WANT A COMPASS UNLESS HE WAS READING A MAP? I'VE GOT A HUNCH! I'M GOING TO SET THE PICK IN THE GROUND AS I FOUND IT AND SIGHT ALONG THE TOP OF IT AND SEE WHERE IT POINTS!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



WAL, THIS SURE LOOKS LIKE A FINE WAY TUH SPEND AN AFTERNOON! JEST WATCH OUT YUH DON'T POKE OUT YOR EYE WITH THAT PICK..!

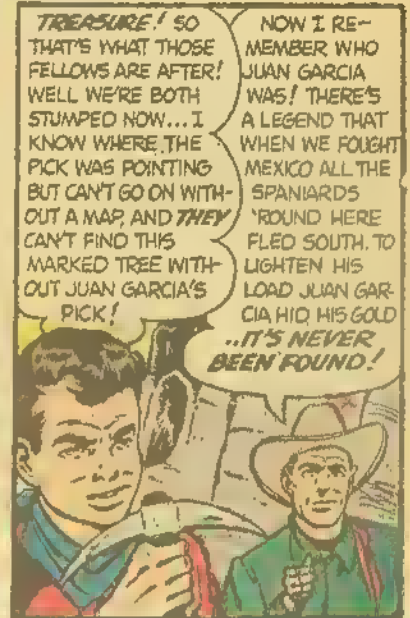
HOLD ON! SIGHTING ALONG THE PICK HEAD, I CAN SEE A WHITE MARK ON ONE OF THOSE TREES YONDER!



FOLLOWING BOBBY THE RIDERS RACE DOWN TO THE MARKED TREE...

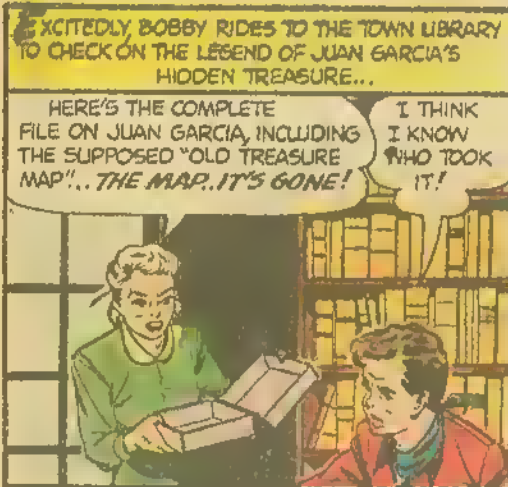
LOOK! THE BARK'S BEEN CUT AWAY HERE AND THERE ARE *SOME SIGNS* CARVED INTO THE TREE. THEY'RE VERY FAINT..AS IF THEY WERE MADE LONG AGO.

OLD INDIAN SIGNS, THEY SAY.. **TREASURE TRAIL THIS WAY!**



TREASURE! SO THAT'S WHAT THOSE FELLOWS ARE AFTER! WELL WE'RE BOTH STUMPED NOW...I KNOW WHERE THE PICK WAS POINTING BUT CAN'T GO ON WITH-OUT A MAP, AND *THEY* CAN'T FIND THIS MARKED TREE WITH-OUT JUAN GARCIA'S PICK!

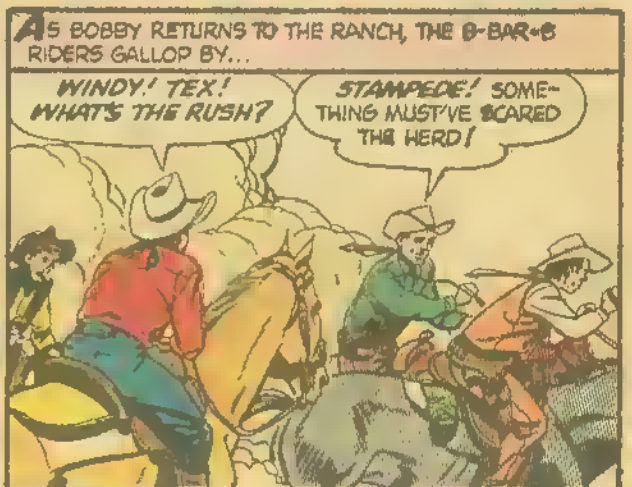
NOW I RE-MEMBER WHO JUAN GARCIA WAS! THERE'S A LEGEND THAT WHEN WE FOUGHT MEXICO ALL THE SPANIARDS 'ROUND HERE FLED SOUTH. TO LIGHTEN HIS LOAD JUAN GARCIA HID HIS GOLD **..IT'S NEVER BEEN FOUND!**



EXCITEDLY, BOBBY RIDES TO THE TOWN LIBRARY TO CHECK ON THE LEGEND OF JUAN GARCIA'S HIDDEN TREASURE...

HERE'S THE COMPLETE FILE ON JUAN GARCIA, INCLUDING THE SUPPOSED "OLD TREASURE MAP"... **THE MAP..IT'S GONE!**

I THINK I KNOW WHO TOOK IT!



AS BOBBY RETURNS TO THE RANCH, THE B-BAR-B RIDERS GALLOP BY...

WINDY! TEX! WHAT'S THE RUSH?

STAMPEDE! SOMETHING MUST'VE SCARED THE HERD!



I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT WAS *SOMEONE*! I'M HEADING BACK TO THE TREASURE AREA!

OKAY, LITTLE BOSS! WE'LL ROUND UP YORE DOGGIES AN EF'N YUH NEED HELP JUST RE-MEMBER THE **MAILER!**



RIDING BACK TOWARDS THE MARKED TREE, BOBBY SUDDENLY SPOTS TWO OF THE TRESPASSERS...

WHOA, AMIGO! WE'RE STOPPING HERE! I'LL SNEAK UP AND TRY TO HEAR WHAT THOSE HOMBRES ARE SAYING!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

LUCKY WE WATCHED THAT KID WHEN HE TOOK A BEARING ON JUAN GARCIA'S PICK OR WE'D NEVER HAVE FOUND THIS MARKED TREE.

WE CAN GO ON FROM HERE NOW WE'VE GOT THE TREASURE MAP. OR ARE WE GONNA WAIT TILL LEM GETS BACK FROM STAMPEDING THEIR CATTLE SO'S WE CAN HAVE A FREE HAND 'ROUND HERE?

WHY WAIT? WE DIVIDED THE MAP IN THREE SECTIONS.. BUT I MADE SURE LEM'S SECTION ONLY LED UP TO THIS HERE TREE. BETWEEN THE TWO OF US WE CAN FIND THE TREASURE AND THERE'S MORE MONEY SPLITTING IT ONLY TWO WAYS! LET'S GIT!

I'LL WAIT FOR LEM. ONCE I'VE GOT HIM SAFELY TIED DOWN, I'LL FOLLOW HIS DOUBLE-CROSSING FRIENDS!

SOON AFTER, THE DUPED BUT UN-SUSPECTING PARTNER ARRIVES AND...

WHAT IN BLAZES?

HOWDY, LEM! THOUGHT I'D WAIT FOR YOU.. YOU'RE TWO TRUSTY FRIENDS WENT ON WITHOUT YOU!

YOU AGAIN!

SUPPOSE YOU HAND OVER YOUR THIRD OF THE MAP IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD ANY MORE... IT STOPS RIGHT HERE...

TRYING UP THE TREASURE-SEEKING CROOK, BOBBY QUICKLY SCANS LEM'S SECTION OF THE MAP...

HMM, IT STOPS RIGHT AT THIS TREE.. BUT AT THE BOTTOM HIS PAL'S RIPPED PART OF A SENTENCE, "...ON THE LEDGE TO THE LEFT..." I DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT LEDGE IS BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT PRONTO!

QUICKLY TRAILING THE OTHER TWO MEN, BOBBY FOLLOWS THEM AS THEY ENTER A HIDDEN CUT BEHIND SOME ROCKS...

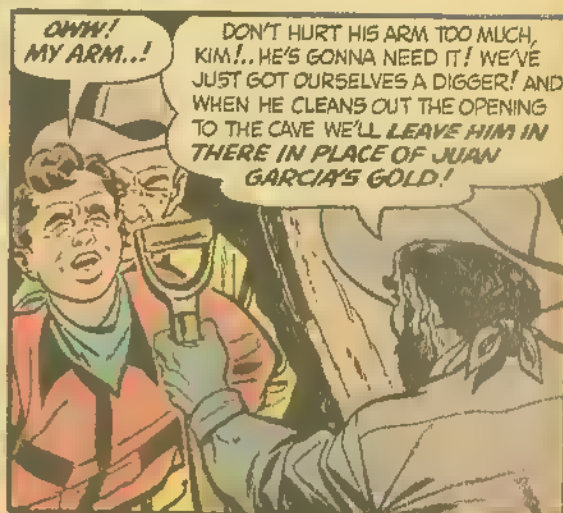
THERE IT IS! JUAN GARCIA'S TREASURE! RIGHT INSIDE THAT CAVE! WE'VE JUST GOT TO DIG OUT THE OPENING AND WE'RE RICH!

I'D BETTER GO BACK AND GET THE RIDERS.. OH-OH! I KNOCKED DOWN A ROCK!

WHAT WAS. THE BENSON KID!

GRAB HIM!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



FORCED AT GUN POINT TO DIG, BOBBY CLEARS AWAY THE BLOCKED ENTRANCE TO THE TREASURE CAVE...

OKAY, KID, YOU'VE BEEN DOIN' HARD WORK AND NOW YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET A **GOOD LONG REST**..AS SOON AS WE GET OUR HANDS ON THE **LOOT!**



TAKING A DESPERATE CHANCE, BOBBY RACES INTO THE DARK CAVE...

GET 'IM! SHOOT 'IM DOWN!

THE SECTION OF THE MAP I HAVE SAYS, **"ON THE LEDGE TO THE LEFT..."** IF I'M RIGHT, THERE'S A LEDGE TO THE LEFT THAT THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT AND I CAN HIDE THERE!



SHOTS ECHO INSIDE THE CAVE AS BOBBY DASHES TO THE LEFT...

I WAS RIGHT! THERE IS A LEDGE HERE! I'M SAFE..FOR THE MOMENT!



GET OUT YOUR FLASHLIGHT AND FIND THAT KID! MY TRIGGER FINGER'S ITCHING!

THE MONEY BAGS! A DOZEN OF THEM! I'M SITTING RIGHT ON TOP OF THE TREASURE! BUT I'D BETTER GET HELP QUICK! WHERE'S WINDY'S WAILER?



BOBBY PRESSES THE WAILER AND ITS EERIE SHRIEK ECHOES THROUGH THE TREASURE CAVE AS THE TWO GOLD HUNTERS, GUNS IN HAND, SWEEP THEIR FLASHLIGHT AROUND, SEARCHING FOR BOBBY...

THAT BLASTED THING'S SCREAMING AGAIN! GET THE KID BEFORE THE NOISE DRIVES ME BATTY.

I THINK I SAW SOME-THIN' MOVE **OVER ON THE LEFT!**



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

HE'S SWINGING THE LIGHT TOWARD ME. IN ANOTHER SECOND HE'LL SPOT ME UNLESS I CAN HIT HIM DOWN WITH THIS SACK OF GOLD...

THE GOLD! BUT FIRST I WANT THAT KID!

OOW!

AS THE SCREAM OF THE WAILER DIES DOWN, THE B-BAR-B RIDERS RUSH INTO THE CAVE...

IN HERE FELLOWS!

WATCH OUT, TEX! THEY'RE ARMED!

AS THE BOYS SWING INTO ACTION, BOBBY LEAPS DOWN FROM THE LEDGE...

THAT TAKES CARE OF THIS HOMBRE!

TEX! BEHIND YOU!

I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM FROM FIRING!

HERE'S YOUR GOLD, MISTER!

A-A-A-A-GGH!

FAITH, YOU'VE DONE 'EM BOTH IN WITHOUT GIVING ME A CHANCE TO TRY MY SUNDAY PUNCH!

PICKING UP THE OTHER CROOK ON THE WAY BACK, BOBBY HAS THE THREE TREASURE HUNTERS BROUGHT INTO THE RANCH HOUSE WHILE THEY WAIT FOR THE SHERIFF...

THAT GOLD IS OURS! WE HEARD THE LEGEND DOWN MEXICO WAY AND WE LOCATED THAT CAVE!

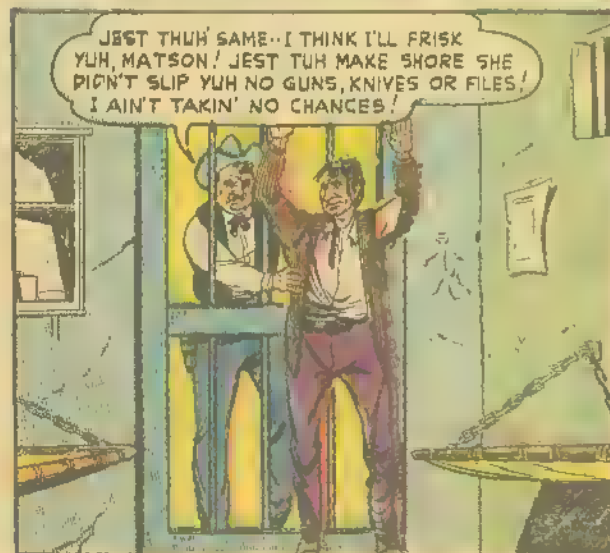
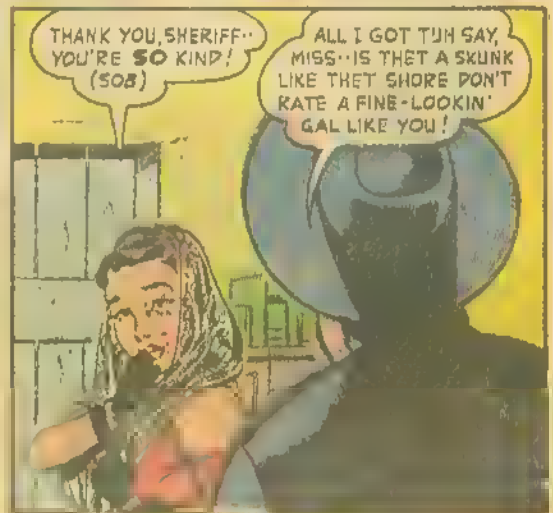
WITH A *STOLEN* MAP AND *TRESPASSING* ON MY LAND! IF YOU'D ASKED MY PERMISSION TO SEARCH FOR THE TREASURE AND HAD GOTTEN THE MAP *HONESTLY*, THE MONEY'D BE YOURS. THE LIBRARY WILL GET IT NOW. BUT I'M KEEPING *JUAN GARCIA'S* PICK AS A MOMENTO...



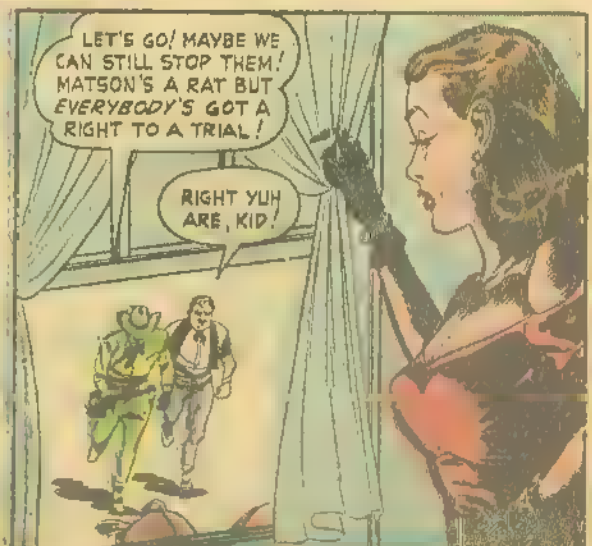
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



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BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BUT.. AT PINE HILL..

EMPTY! AIN'T
NOBODY
HYAR!

AND WHAT'S
MORE, NOBODY'S
BEEN NEAR THIS
SPOT ALL DAY!
NOT A TRACK
AROUND!



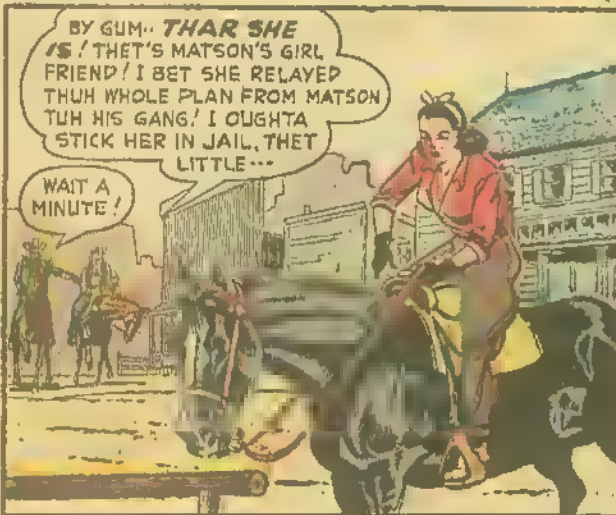
SHERIFF, I'M WILLING
TO BET THAT WAS
NO LYNCH MOB AT
ALL! THAT WAS A
BUNCH OF MATSON'S
OWN MEN!

I'LL BE
A HORN-
SWOGGLED, FLOR-
EARED COYOTE!



IT WAS A JAIL-
BREAK! THET
SLIPPERY SKUNK
DONE WENT
AND DONE IT
AGAIN! HE
OUTWITTED
US, KID!

AND THIS
FALSE ALARM
RIDE TO PINE
HILL HAS GIVEN
THEM TIME TO
MAKE A CLEAN
GETAWAY!



BY GUM.. **THAR SHE
IS!** THET'S MATSON'S GIRL
FRIEND! I BET SHE RELAYED
TUH WHOLE PLAN FROM MATSON
TUH HIS GANG! I OUGHTA
STICK HER IN JAIL, THET
LITTLE---

WAIT A
MINUTE!

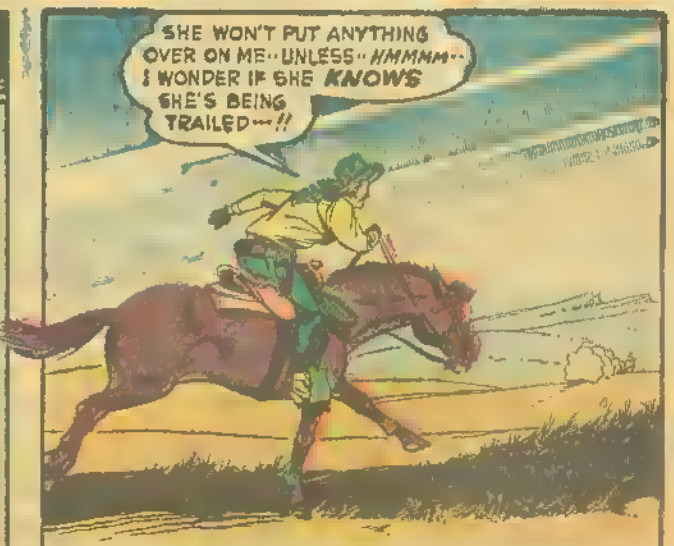


MY HUNCH IS THAT SHE'S
ON HER WAY TO MEET MATSON!
I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HER,
SHERIFF! YOU'D BETTER STAY
HERE AND NURSE THAT
BANGED-UP HEAD
OF YOURS!



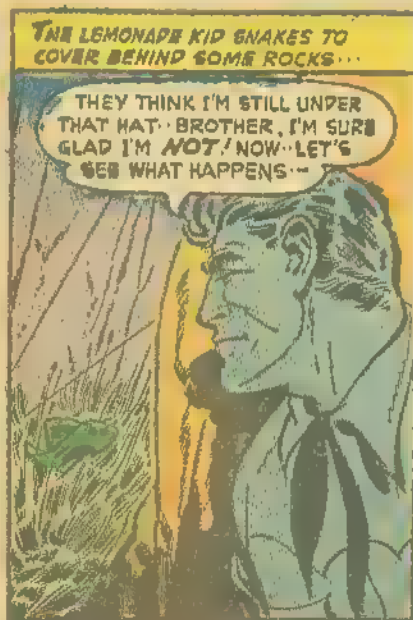
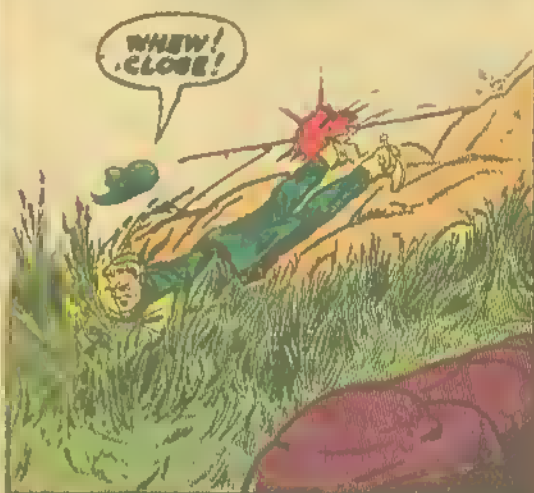
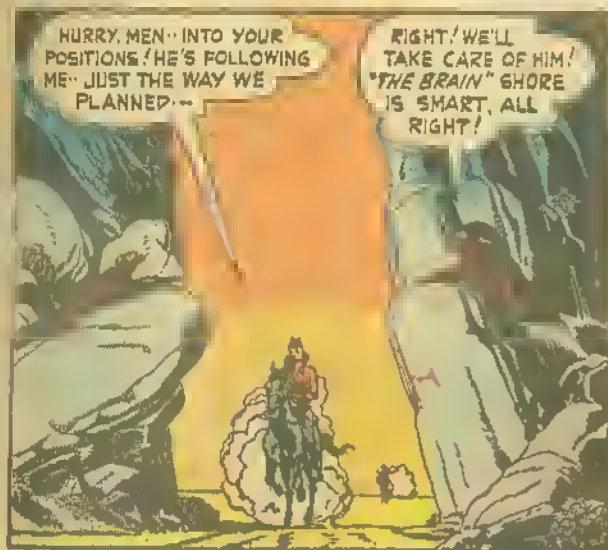
GET WORD TO HARKA AT
THE B-BAR-B, SHERIFF.. HAVE
HIM FOLLOW MY TRAIL AS
FAST AS HE CAN!

RIGHT!
DON'T LET
THET DAME
PUT NUTHIN'
OVER ON YUR!

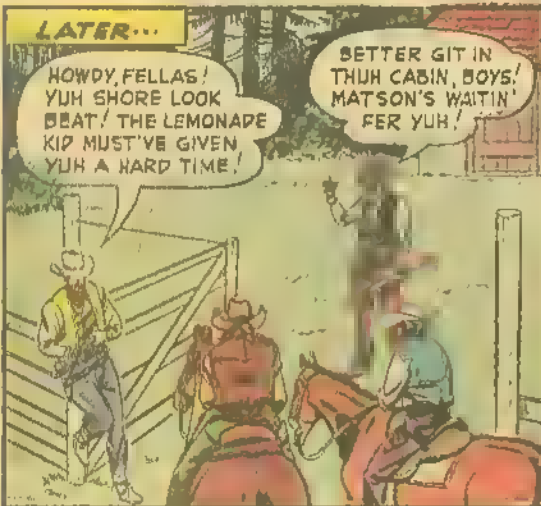


SHE WON'T PUT ANYTHING
OVER ON ME.. UNLESS.. HMMMM..
! WONDER IF SHE **KNOWS**
SHE'S BEING
TRAILED---!!

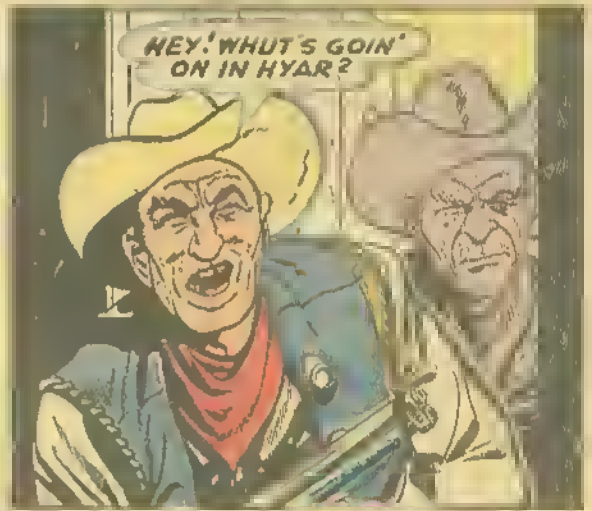
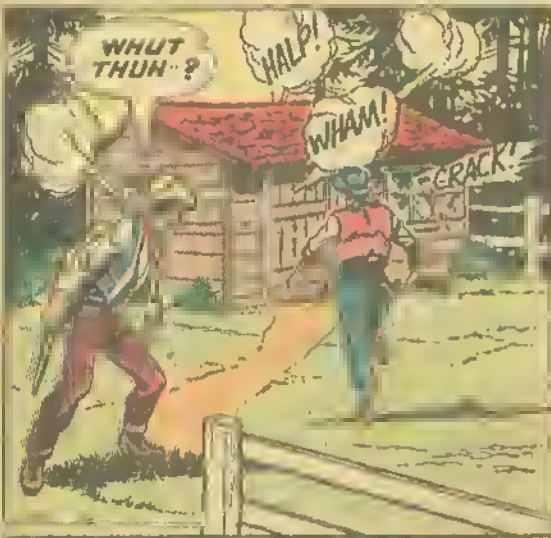
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



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THE STORY
BEHIND
THE COVER



IN THE PATH OF THE STAMPEDE!

WINDY WALES was mad. And scared. If it had not been for Irish laughing at him, back in front of the B-Bar-B bunkhouse, he would not be out here, wrists and ankles tied; and trying, like the famous Harry Houdini, to free himself.

Unlike the great escape artist, Houdini, the more Windy struggled, the less he accomplished. Those ropes (which the advertisement had said would slip loose if you applied pressure at the correct places) refused to budge. They seemed to cling even tighter, as if mocking him, as Irish had done. In high dudgeon, Windy had galloped off, to practise his escape trick at the base of the foothills, near the west basin herd.

Windy stared up at the sky. It was dark, threatening. In the distance, he could see the jagged yellow fork of a lightning bolt rip through the storm clouds. "If I don't work myself loose plumb soon," Windy said, "I'll be here when the rain comes!" The thought of what Irish would have to say to that made him squirm uncomfortably.

"No tellin' how long I'm liable to be out here," he went on, "Maybe even all night. Maybe I'll starve . . . or die of thirst . . . or some bear or mountain lion will get me!"

Those thoughts drove Windy, in a wild fury of action, to tackle the ropes again. And again he failed. His muscles were cramped, and aching. He was bent forward at an uncomfortable angle.

"One more try," he said aloud, "an' then I —"

His blood ran cold. He lifted his head and stared out into the distance, where a dust cloud rolled faster and faster. The ground was shaking under him.

"Stampede!" yelled Windy. "An' they're coming this way!"

Nobody could hear him yell, now. He was trapped — tied up by his own hands, helpless in the face of the west basin herd stampeded by the lightning and the thunder.

Out of the corner of his eye, Windy saw a patch of movement. A steer! Head down, legs churning, it was rocketing right at the helpless Windy! Probably a loner, off by itself, hearing the stampede, worried by the lightning and the thunder, it was staging a stampede all by itself . . . right at him, Windy Wales!

Windy yelled, but nobody could hear him, he knew. He shut his eyes and tried to roll aside to avoid those wicked horns. But he knew that trick wouldn't stop an enraged steer for long. As he lay waiting for that ripping horn, he heard another set of hoofs. Another steer, he thought wildly. But what difference did it make? Two steers couldn't kill him any deadlier than one steer!

Windy opened his eyes, and choked. Bobby Benson was riding that second set of hoofs: his palomino, Amigo! And Bobby was headed straight for the wild-eyed steer, kicking his feet loose from the stirrups, driving forward, leaning, about to leave the saddle —

Bobby had never bulldogged a full-grown steer before, but he had seen it done by Tex Mason and other B-Bar-B cowhands. His hands went toward those wicked horns, he drove himself from the saddle, and then he was swinging on the steer, driving him to one side, away from Windy.

Bobby dropped off and shouted. He yelled and waved his arms, and the steer trotted off. Then Bobby took out his knife and cut Windy free. Windy said, "Little boss, don't you ever tell Irish about —"

Bobby grinned. "It was Irish's fault, Windy. He opened your escape rope package and took it out. He put in a piece of ordinary rope. That's why you couldn't get free! I got worried after you rode off, and came to find you."

Windy let out a roar. "I'll skin his hide off an' tack it to the wall! I'll —!"

Bobby said, "You aren't hurt, Windy. It was kind of a good joke, don't you think?"

Windy paused for breath. Then he started to grin. Inside of a few seconds, he and Bobby were rolling on the ground laughing. The steer watched them from a safe distance, sniffed, and trotted off. He never could understand these humans!

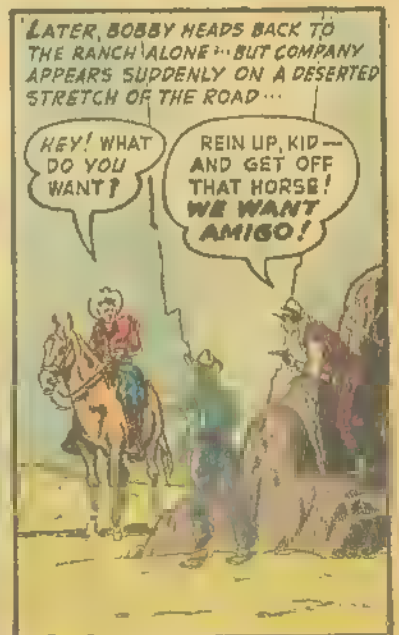
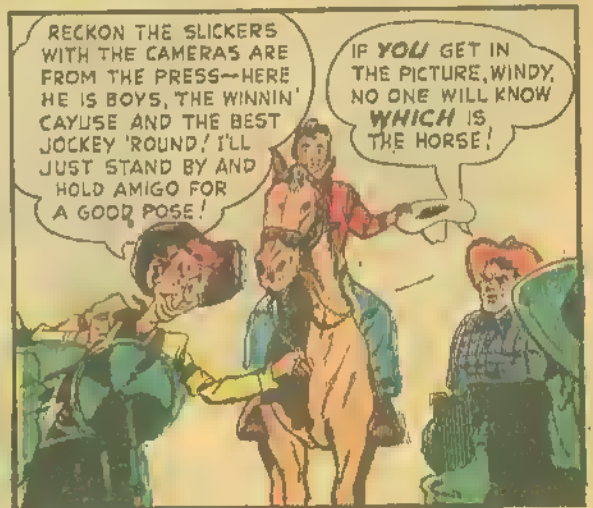
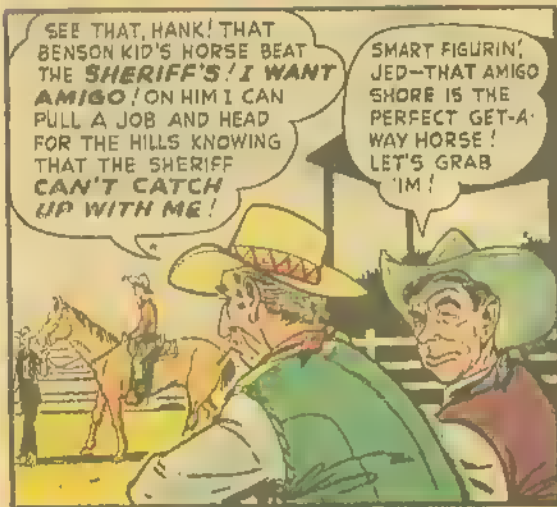
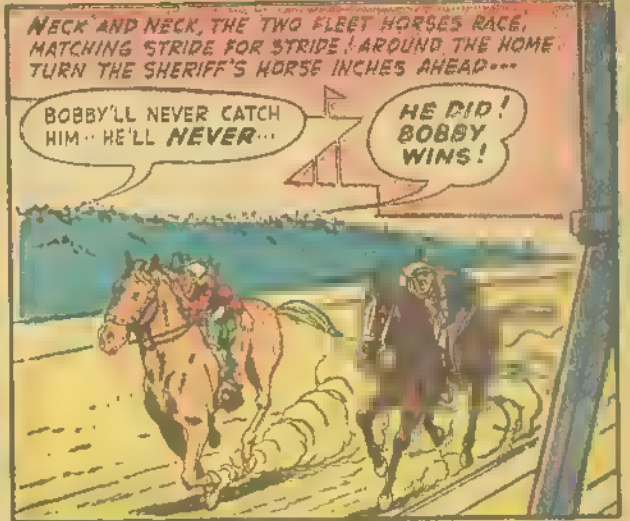
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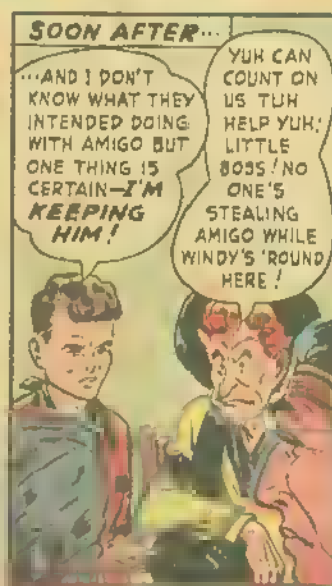
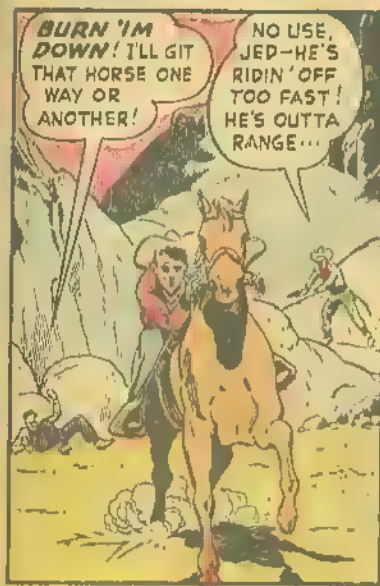
WHEN BOBBY BENSON, MOUNTED ON THE FLEET AMIGO, RIDES HOME A WINNER FROM THE COUNTY FAIR, HE LITTLE SUSPECTS THAT FIRST PRIZE FOR THE RACE INCLUDES SUDDEN DANGER AND FAST-FLYING LEAD! BUT TWO CROOKS ARE READY TO GAMBLE ALL ON THEIR CUNNING PLAN... THE FIRST STEP OF WHICH CALLS FOR...
"THE CAPTURE OF AMIGO"



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



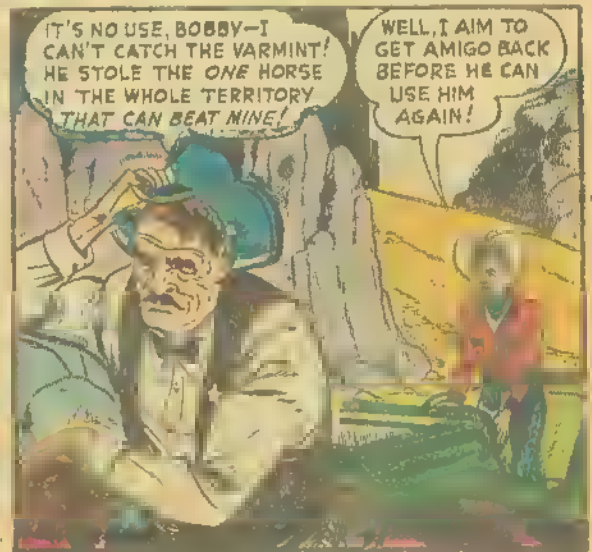
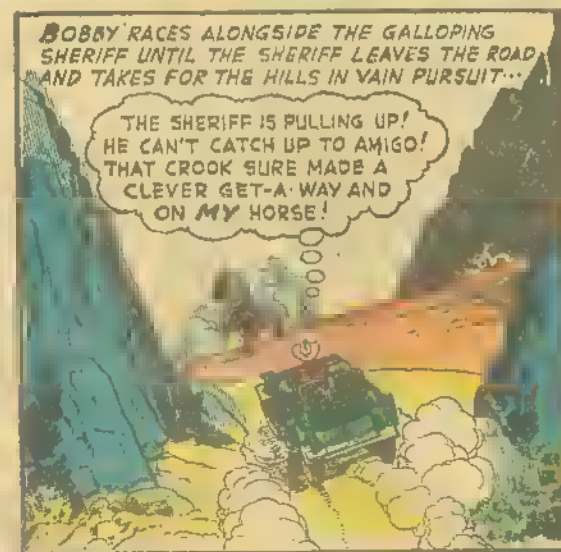
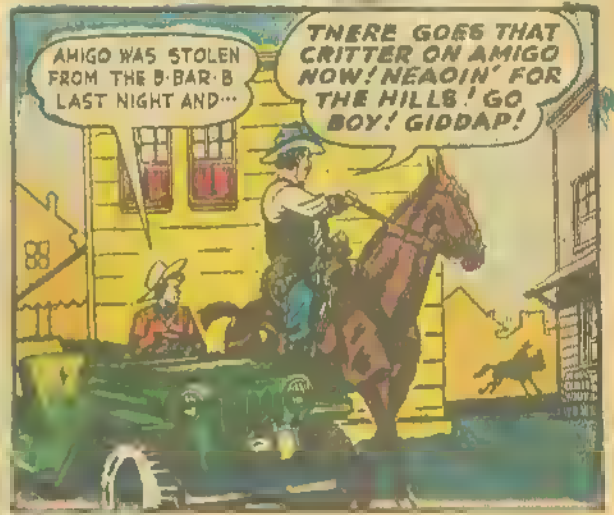
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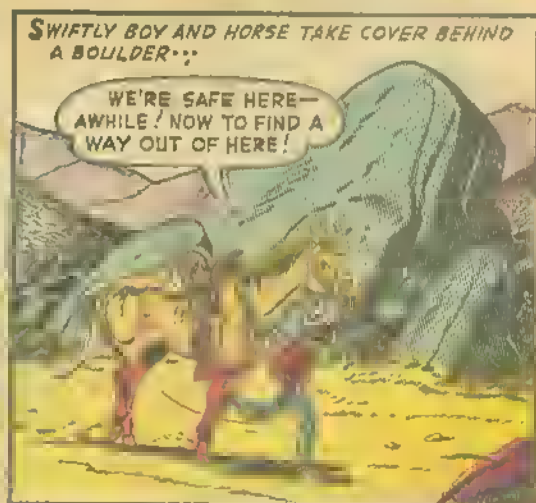
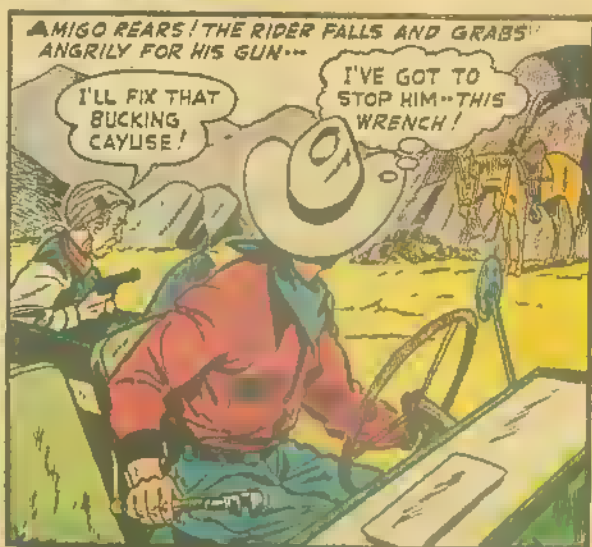
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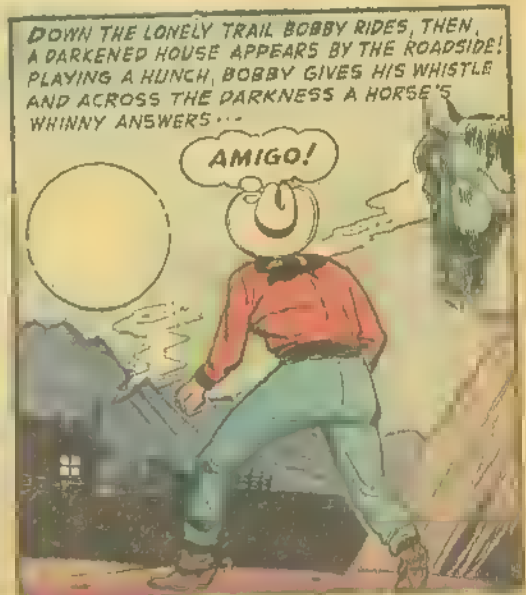
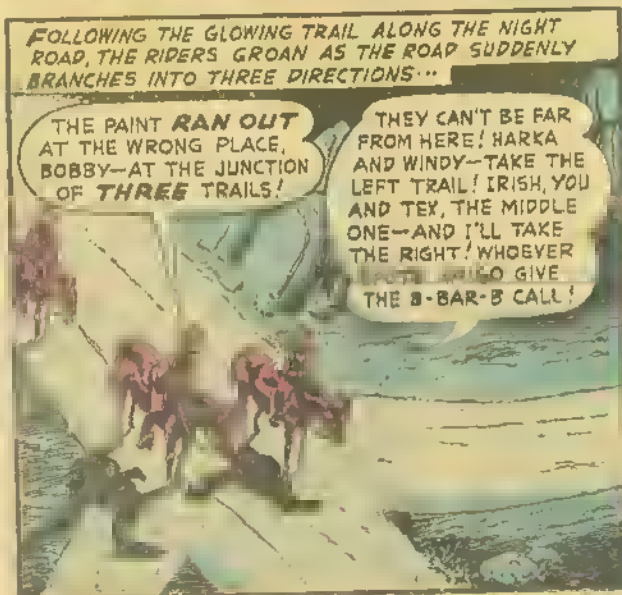
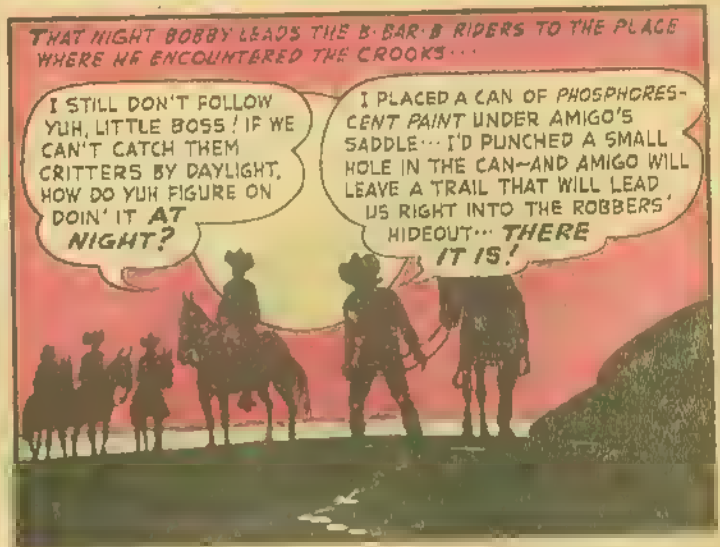
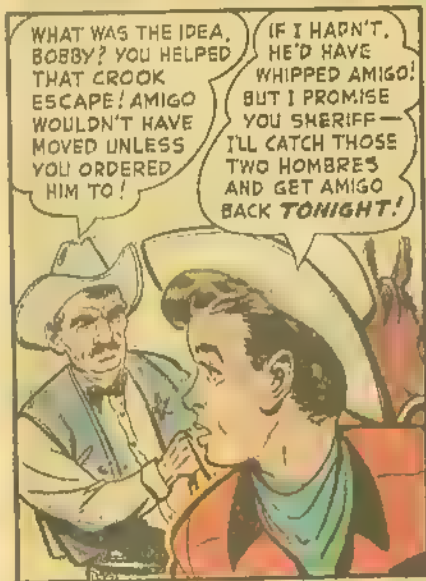
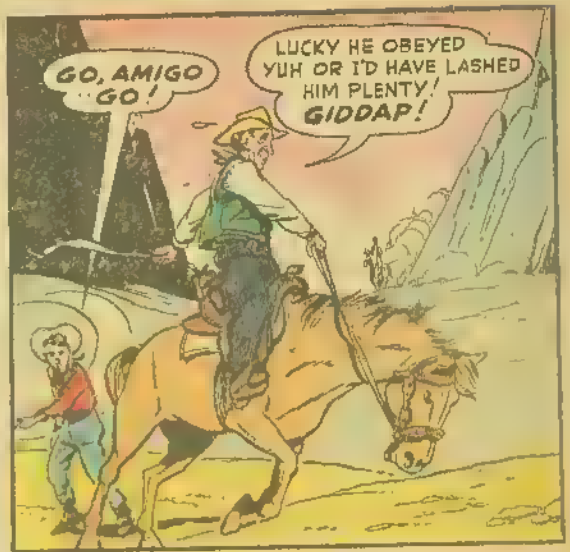
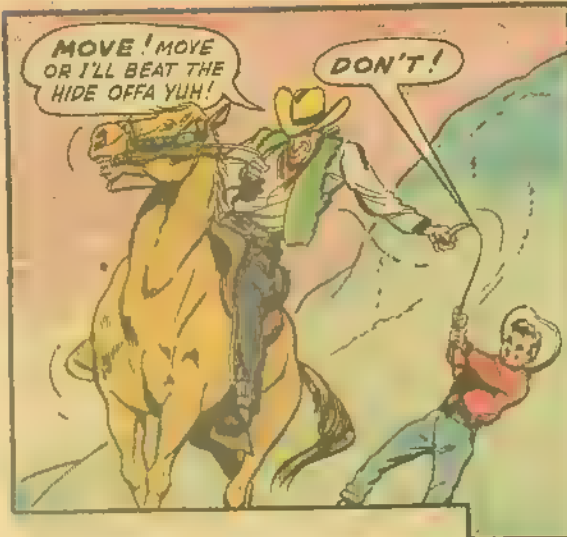
BUT THE TRAIL OF THE RUSTLERS HAS VANISHED ON A ROCKY SLOPE AND THE RIDERS RETURN TO THE RANCH! THE NEXT DAY BOBBY DRIVES INTO TOWN FOR THE PAY-ROLL AND SOME SUPPLIES...



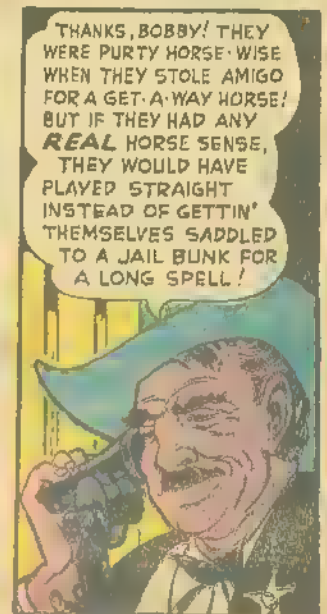
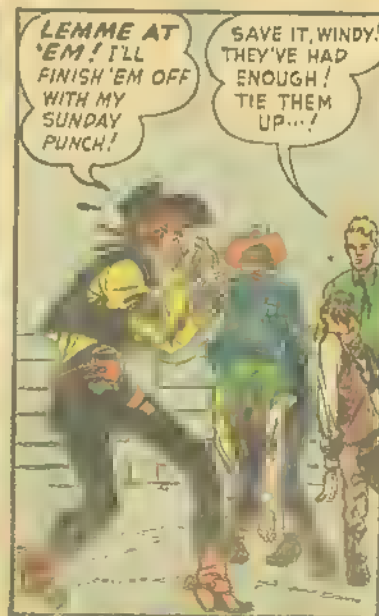
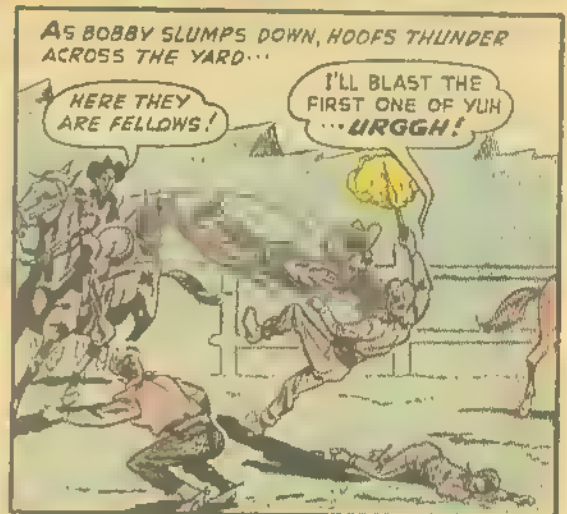
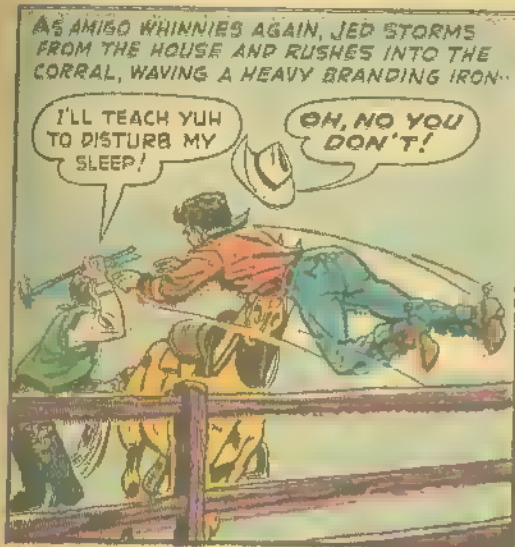
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



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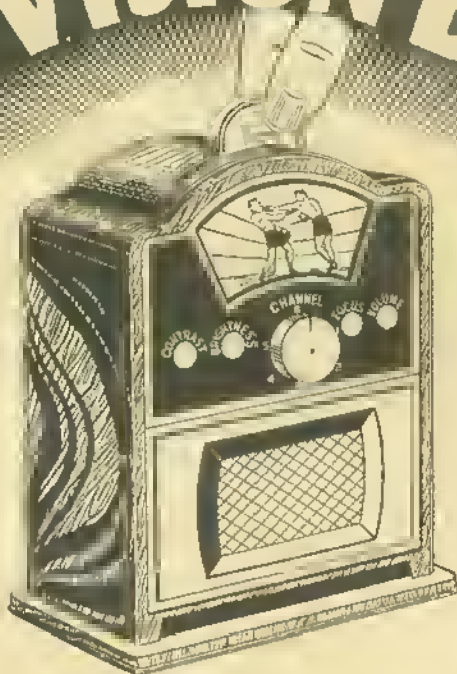


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PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

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